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SACCO READY TO DIE FOR RADICAL CAUSE

Says Murder Conviction Is Excuse to Punish Him for Being Red.

PROTESTS INNOCENCE

Insists He Could Not Take a Life and Was Not in Need of Money.

STANDS BY HIS DEFENCE

He Feared Arrest for Aiding Hounded Friends, Explanation of 'Guilty Actions.'

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.
DREDDHAM, MASS., Nov. 29.—From cell 13 in the old county jail here a quiet, unassuming, soft voiced little Italian stepped this afternoon, and in his first statement since his name became known throughout the world declared his innocence of a crime for which he is sentenced to die.

He is Nicola Sacco, radical labor leader, who with Bartolomeo Vanzetti was convicted of killing a paymaster and his guard at a shoe factory in South Braintree and stealing \$15,000. Their names have become symbols for an uprising of radicals throughout Europe and South America. Their case is serving "Reds" in the Old and New worlds with a new meaning.

"In my heart I know I am innocent of this crime," were Sacco's first words. Zealous for Radicalism.

Dressed in frayed gray trousers and a worn sweater, he sat on an old church bench in the dimly lighted waiting room. He is only five feet, six. He smiles much. His eyes are black and bright and shine with fire when he tells of his cause. There is no mistaking him—the man is a zealot in his sacred cause of radicalism. He said:

"I am here because I am a radical. I have never conceived of taking life; I could not do it. It has been said the holdup was pulled off because the radical wanted money to fight for Salsedo's widow after he was killed by his fall from the Park Row Building. That is absurd. We could raise thousands in that cause."

"I was framed because I was a radical, that is all. It does not seem possible to me yet that the State will send a man to the electric chair because he is a radical—but I am becoming more pessimistic. I was in Boston when the Braintree murder was committed. That has been proven, and yet I am convicted."

Wants to Die for a Cause.

"The terrible thing about my plight here is that I am convicted of such a frightful crime. Were I convicted because of my radical beliefs I could find some comfort in knowing I was doomed to die for a cause. But this conviction is only the excuse. I could die with a smile on my lips for my cause; I would not kill a man for that cause, much as I love it."

Sacco speaks with an accent but his English is good. He is something of an

orator and he sees the dramatic in every situation. "Are you surprised that the Third International has taken up your case in all Europe?" he was asked. "I know little about that. I seldom see the newspapers, but it is amazing that such insignificant workers as Vanzetti and I should have become known all over the world. The only reason is that the public generally, as well as radicals in Russia, Italy, Brazil, America—everywhere—have learned the facts. They are convinced we are not guilty of the crime for which we are convicted—it is a terrible indictment of courts and justice."

"If you fall in the appeal for a new trial are you ready to die to serve your cause?" "No, not this way. They can never make anything but a radical out of me whatever they do, and if I have to go to the electric chair I will go knowing I am innocent. But I am not keen about being killed for a crime I know I did not commit, even knowing that my execution would rouse the radicals of the world to action. I am ready to die for the cause, but I want to die fighting, and not be killed like a dog for something I have not done."

Explains Suspicion of Guilt.

"One of the biggest factors in our trial was that we acted conscious of guilt when we were arrested. What was there strange that we should have tried to hide our actions? We had no suspicion we were arrested for hold-up and murder."

"There was a big Government drive against all radicals. Our friends were being arrested and deported, and worse—Salsedo had just jumped or been thrown out of the Park Row Building. I had been working on Salsedo's behalf, so I had Vanzetti. We were trying to protect radicals being hounded by the Government. I supposed when we were arrested that we were to be deported. All the first questions asked us were about our political beliefs. Yet here we are convicted of murder because we acted guilty when we were arrested."

Vanzetti is in the Charlestown Federal Jail serving fifteen years for participating in a Bridgewater holdup. He is kept too hard at work to give interviews. He was convicted in the Braintree holdup and murder after his conviction in the Bridgewater case.

"Who are Sacco and Vanzetti?" The question has been asked throughout Europe and in America since the bomb throwing protests in European capitals against their conviction have made the case international.

Sacco came to this country from Italy when he was 17. He was from a good family. He is 34. Vanzetti is 33 and arrived here twelve years ago. Both have been leaders in radical movements in New England for the last eight or nine years. They have agitated among all workers for their "red" cause, having been conspicuous in half a dozen great strikes involving thousands of men.

Sacco is one of the most skillful shoemakers in his trade. Vanzetti is a fish dealer.

6 KILLED, 22 HURT IN BROOKLYN CRASH

Continued from First Page.

fall. About twenty men were working in the pit near the stage. A few were stringing electric wires from the street to the various house switches. The rest were straddling roof girders or working from scaffolding against the walls. The auditorium was seventy-three feet wide and 160 feet long. The architect's plans show that the ridge beam was to have been sixty feet from the center of the floor. But the floor was not laid and the basement was about eighty feet below the peak of the roof.

As suddenly as you would break a stick of chalk the unsupported roof wall buckled inwardly in the middle and folded like a programme. The entire stretch of brick and cement fell into the basement with what one of the uninjured bricklayers called "a slap."

Naturally all the scaffolding on that side of the house and all the men working thereon went along.

The other three walls held. They didn't even bend or sway. But the heavy roof, deprived of its support on the north, began to sag and slide toward its unsupported side. The uninjured men said it reminded them something of a ship being launched—a shudder, an almost imperceptible movement and then a grand slide.

The roof fell in one place. All the bolts and rivets held until it hit the ground. It slid far enough to the north to clip off the back of 777 Bedford avenue, abutting that combination dwelling and store like a great guillotine. When it could slide no further in that direction because it hit a wall, it dropped. And when it dropped it carried with it everything inside the three standing walls—scaffolding, balcony structure and the girders that were to support the floor of the theatre. It cleaned the shell as completely as you leave an eggshell at breakfast.

Those men who had not been scooped up when the wall fell were either crushed into the basement or battered free to land in the street or in the arcaway behind the now bobbed 777 Bedford avenue. A cloud of dust and light wreckage was puffed high into the air above the crater.

Patrolman William G. Steindlinck of the Vernon avenue station, on duty three blocks away, and who did a bit of fast thinking by turning in alarms for police, fire apparatus and hospital ambulances, described the noise as a "woosh" and everybody else who heard it applauded Steindlinck's powers of description.

Crowds Claw at Police.

All the furor attending such catastrophes came to pass at this one. The police roped off the block, but not until they fought a strenuous battle with sev-

Menace of Film in Home Shown by Underwriters

WARNING against "home" motion picture machines and all toys and other contrivances that make use of inflammable film was issued yesterday by the New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

"Inflammable films for use in toy motion picture machines are being freely sold in New York city, and all persons are especially warned against the use of this inflammable film, in violation of law and fire insurance contract," said the board's statement. "In addition to this the danger of causing death or injury is imminent."

eral thousands of panicky folks who insisted on rushing the place. The neighborhood is an old one and many of the houses have been taken over by men and women catering to lodgers. A considerable foreign element prevails. In a remarkably short time women and children who sat at their husbands' and fathers had been working in the building were clawing at policemen in efforts to get near the ruin. And each woman and each child seemed to be attended by hundreds of friends and relatives who assisted in the tremendous chorus of "murder" and "murderers" and "fire" and so on.

Before this hysterical crowd could be herded back of the ropes the firemen had arrived with their big acetylene torches and were sawing long sections out of the now twisted roof girders. One of the amazing sights was that presented by the heavy roof beams. In the fall they had twisted. As they lay on top of the bricks they looked like tin things that had been twisted by a child.

The noise in the streets was so great that Detective Captain Dan Moriarty and Capt. Richard Gray, commanding the Vernon street police, were told that the firemen could not hear the cries of the injured men beneath the wreckage. So the lines were moved back half a block and the bewildered crowds, now relatively quiet, were pushed out of earshot.

While three young priests climbed in and out of the twisted steel and over the hills and valleys of brick and cement. Deputy Fire Commissioner Thompson, with two men from Engine 230—Rosenberg and Cooney—crawled around listening for groans and locating cries. They'd locate a man and the other firemen would turn their metal eating torches on the steel that battered down the masonry under which the man lay. The three young priests would talk to the helpless man, not with prayers, but with ordinary encouragements, trying to keep him going until the firemen could reach him.

One of the freak features of the collapse was that of the lopping off of the

rear of 777 Bedford avenue. This is a three story structure, occupied on the street floor by Page Brothers, who conduct a garage and sell automobile tires. One of the brothers—Edward—was having lunch on the second floor with his wife, Josephine. They were in the dining room. The falling roof clipped off the kitchen, the bathroom and one bedroom. The floor sagged and Mr. and Mrs. Page were shot forward toward the open air, only to land on the wreckage of what had been the bathroom plumbing, which formed a fortunate screen between the sagging floor and the courtyard below.

Half senseless they hung over the twisted wreckage and the sheared wall as though they had been thrown over a fence to dry out. William, the other Page brother, rushed up stairs and dragged them back inside the remainder of their home. Both were rather severely cut, but insisted on remaining home after they had first aid treatment. Last night they had the solace of Mayor Hylan's personal congratulations. The Mayor was visiting the scene.

Rosenthal, who lives at 1881 Pacific street, and Moskowitz, who lives at 599 Putnam avenue, were seized at the theatre by the police and held until District Attorney Lewis arrived. There were several subcontractors. Meyer Schendelman and Philip Stern had the contract for the concrete work. The latter was killed super-swing his work.

The plans for the building were approved by the Building Department August 2. They called for a structure to cost about \$300,000 and to be "safe and substantial." Moskowitz told the District Attorney that the final cost would have been as much as \$750,000; that union labor was employed and that he had offered bonuses for high grade work. The place would have seated 1,800 persons.

Borough President Riegelmann, Superintendent of Buildings Kleinert and Chief Building Inspector Schnackenberg declared that they were lending every possible aid to District Attorney Lewis rather than open up another investigation.

Mr. Riegelmann said Mr. Kleinert had been urging the licensing of builders and contractors for years and that perhaps this catastrophe would result in the adoption of the latter's suggestion.

"Just at present," said the Borough President, "we have between 250 and 300 inspectors to watch the erection of 8,000 buildings. We shift them and try to arrange it that different inspectors are in a new operation every day. But it is a very small force."

Fifteen great searchlights played on the ruins last night while firemen, directed by Assistant Fire Chief Martin, searched the ruins. They didn't attempt to move the twisted girders, but tried to clean away the bricks and cement that buried the workmen.

In the meantime men from the building bureau were shoring up the three standing walls to prevent another collapse while the searching was under way.

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